

every breath you take by theheartclub

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Love Confessions, M/M, Pre-Relationship, Slow Dancing, Snow Ball (Stranger Things), mike loves will so much sometimes he doesnt know what to do with himself, softnessssssss

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Troy (Stranger Things), Will Byers

Relationships: Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-05-16

Updated: 2018-05-16

Packaged: 2022-04-22 04:49:12

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,741

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

instead of eleven, it's will that makes a big entrance at the snow ball.
mike thinks his heart might give out.

every breath you take

Author's Note:

timeline in this is all wonky, so i wouldn't think too much about it if i were you. basically will goes missing in season 2 rather than 1.

Will had only been missing for a week, but to Mike it felt like a lifetime.

If Nancy ever heard him say this she wouldn't hesitate to point out how dramatic it was, but it was almost as if he couldn't breathe the entire time Will was gone. The night that him, Dustin, and Lucas stayed in that hospital waiting area was easier than anything he's ever done before. Mike would have waited all night. He would have waited days if it meant he could see Will. If he could know he was okay. If he could breathe again.

It's four days after that night and Will is still in the hospital. Mike isn't worried. He can't be. Not after what happened. Seeing Will alive is more than good enough. Even if he has to be hooked up to wires.

The only real downside is the Snow Ball. It was stupid and cheesy, but they were all secretly looking forward to it in some aspect. They'd never been before, and it seemed like it could be interesting at least. Except it was looking like Will couldn't go. No matter how much he insisted that he was feeling much better.

Mike tried his best not to take it too hard, but he never had been the best at controlling his emotions. He was upset, and that was fairly difficult to deny. They had just gotten Will back, and now a piece was missing.

This was how Mike found himself sitting alone at a table in the middle of the Hawkins Middle School gymnasium. It was decorated nicely for the dance, but there was little that could be done to mask the everlasting scent of gym socks. That didn't really help the current mood of the night.

They had started out together. All huddled in the corner, avoiding any sort of potential embarrassment that can and will occur at a middle school dance. That didn't last for long, though. It was this moment that Lucas decided he was going to be outgoing and asked Max to dance. Mike was rather indifferent towards the situation, but he did feel a bit pitiful for Dustin. It was obvious that he liked her too.

Selfishly, Mike didn't have the biggest problem with this, because at least then he had Dustin to keep him company. He didn't exactly plan on leaving the table any time soon, or maybe at all.

But of course, apparently this was time for Dustin's confidence to miraculously appear as well.

Dustin exhales. "Wish me luck, Mike," he states, adjusting his jacket as he centers his attention on a group of girls standing towards the back of the gym. "I'm going in."

Mike responds with nothing but a look of confusion.

He really should have known that this was how he would end up. Sitting at this plastic tablecloth covered table by himself. Sure, he could go out and ask someone to dance, but why would he want to do that? They would probably laugh in his face.

Not that there was anyone here that he actually wanted to dance with. What he really wanted was Will to be here. Then this would be fun.

They could sit together and plan the newest campaign. Maybe Will would show Mike some of the new music Jonathan showed him. Maybe Mike would ask Will to dance with him.

None of that would happen, though. Will wasn't here. He was in the hospital. At least that's what Mike believed.

He was staring out into the crowd, watching everyone dance. More so watching them awkwardly sway together, nowhere near on beat to the music. He wasn't particularly jealous.

A door opened in the far corner of the room, which for some reason

caught Mike's attention. Everyone had been here for a while now, and it was too early for anyone to leave. It was abnormal, but nothing extraordinary. Mike almost looked away until something caught his eye.

There he was. Chestnut colored hair catching the light of the fluorescent bulbs above them. He was walking through the crowd, directly towards Mike, and the familiar feeling of warmth in his chest returned.

Mike immediately stood from his seat, but it took him a moment to actually convince his legs to start moving. Eventually, he met Will in the middle.

"Will," he breathed, and it was all that he could really manage at the moment.

Will smiled. Mike's heart skipped a beat. "Hi," he said softly.

"You're here."

Will let out a small laugh. Mike's heart skipped two beats. "I am. You noticed."

"Of course I not-" Mike sputtered quickly, but it soon registered that Will was joking. He wasn't aware of when he got so nervous, but suddenly he could feel his hands begin to sweat. Luckily, the words seemed to find their way out on their own, because he didn't know if he could get them out himself.

"Do you want to dance? You know, with me."

There was a moment of pure terror. Every single possibility ran through Mike's mind, all of them involving either Will laughing in his face or flat out rejecting him. Thankfully, that wasn't what happened at all.

Will's smile returned even wider than before, and Mike was sure his heart was about to give out if this continued. He didn't answer the question. Instead, he took Mike's hand, pulling him out onto the dance floor.

At first, they weren't as coordinated as he hoped they might be. Mike stepped on Will's toes a few times and vice versa, but they eventually figured it out. With Will's arms around Mike's neck, and Mike's hands at Will's waist, they were swaying to the music with smiles that could've lit up the room all on their own.

The lighting was low, so it took him a moment, but Mike could make out a light blush on Will's cheeks. It was then that he shut his eyes, leaning his forehead against Will's.

Mike always assumed that when something of this sort happened the two people would talk. Confess their love or whatever was done in the movies Nancy always watched with her friends. But that didn't feel necessary now. They didn't seem to need words. Not yet, anyway.

The moment of peace was nice, but it was swiftly put to an end when Mike felt the weight of another person knock into him from behind. At first he wrote it off as someone being clumsy, but then he heard the remark that followed.

"Watch it, fairies," sneered none other than Troy, grinning over at a few of his friends. "The gay club is that way."

Mike's expression immediately turned sour. Normally, he would ignore this and brush it off, but this wasn't fair. He *just* got Will back, he finally had him where he's wanted him for so long, and now fucking Troy had to ruin it. Not tonight.

Mike speaks through gritted teeth. "Could you fuck off for once?"

"Why? So you and your boyfriend can fuck on our dance floor? No thank you."

Mike closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. This is an attempt at regaining his composure. It ultimately fails.

His tone is much less controlled now. "I asked if you could fuck *off*."

Mike shoves Troy back with quite some force, but not enough to knock him over. Before he can get another word in, Troy's fist connects with his face and Mike is the one stumbling backwards. Will

is there to grab onto him, and ultimately hold him there to keep him from fighting back.

It wasn't that hard of a punch, but it was enough to disorient Mike for the time it took Will to pull him outside. The air was brisk and the only light was what was seeping out through the windows of the school, but it felt easier to breathe.

"What were you thinking?" Will asks, but his tone isn't harsh. His fingers dust over Mike's cheek where blood is beginning to drip from a small cut.

"He was ruining it," Mike answered as if it were obvious.

"He ruins everything. You could've been hurt. You *are* hurt."

Mike sighs, ducking his head to avoid Will's gaze. "It's my fault. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked you to dance. I should've known that it wouldn't have gone over well. You could've been hurt."

"Mike."

"Really, I wasn't thinki-"

"*Mike.*"

Mike lifts his head again, silently this time.

Will speaks again. "I'm glad you asked me to dance. I don't care what Troy said or did. I liked dancing with you."

Mike's expression softens as his eyes widen a bit. An onlooker would say he looked almost confused. "You did?"

"Of course I did." Will states it as if Mike should know. Really, he probably should, but sometimes stuff goes over his head a bit. Or so he's been told.

"Oh," Mike says in a hushed tone. He's smiling now. It's his turn to blush. "I liked dancing with you too."

Will responds with nothing but a smile, reaching out to gently take

Mike's hand into his own. The sound of the music from inside is flooding out onto the yard.

They stay like that for a moment, before Will takes it upon himself this time to pull Mike close, gently swaying to the drowned out beat. He recognizes the song as something Jonathan has played in the car before. He remembers liking it.

Mike catches Will smiling again, and this time he can't help himself. It's anything but coordinated. It's impressive that they didn't bump noses or foreheads, but when Mike leans in to press their lips together, Will softens it a bit.

It's over relatively soon, but it isn't long before Will closes the gap between them again. Except this time, they can't stop smiling for long enough to kiss any longer.

"You don't think I'm weird, right?" Will whispers.

"Of course I think you're weird," Mike replies simply. "But I love you, don't I? I'm weird too. Wanna be weird together?"

Will laughs. "I would love to be weird with you, Mike. As long as you know I love you too."

"Good thing you told me."

This time they laugh together, Mike's head falling onto Will's shoulder.

"Together?" Will says in a hushed tone after a moment of silence, one that might not be heard if Mike wasn't so close.

"Always together."